MARVEL® COMICS

EXILES®

MARVEL PG 11

It was many months ago.

It was long before the Skrull world.

Before the battle with Galactus.

And before the Exiles lost another of their team.

It's on you, Mariko.

Hell, no. Get someone else, Clarice.

It doesn't work that way. I lead. I decide.

Says who? I wasn't in on voting you leader. I'm not sure I would have put you up front.

Mariko-- we need you to do this.

No.

C'mon... please.

NO.

SIX STRANGERS, EACH A HERO FROM A DIFFERENT REALITY, BROUGHT TOGETHER TO ENSURE THAT LIFE AS WE KNOW IT DOESN'T CEASE TO EXIST! BLINK — TELEPORTER; MIMIC — POWERED BY HIS REALITY'S X-MEN; SUNFIRE — MISTRESS OF FLAME; T-BIRD — SUPER-STRENGTH AND SENSES; NOCTURNE — DAUGHTER OF NIGHTCRAWLER; AND MORPH — SHAPE-CHANGING FUNNY MAN. DESTINED TO FIX THE KINKS IN THE CHAINS OF REALITY, STAN LEE PRESENTS THE EXILES IN

PLAY DATE

scribe
JUDD WINICK

pencils
JIM CALAFIORE

inks
ERIC CANNON

colors
TRANSPARENCY DIGITAL

letters
PAUL TUTRONE

assistant editor
MIKE RAICHT

editor
MIKE MARTS

chief
JOE QUESADA

prez
BILL JEMAS

*The Exiles had to stop a **bank robbery.** It was two guys in Halloween masks carrying fake Uzis.*

*It was over in less than **five minutes.***

*And then the Tallus told the team they had a whole **week** before teleporting onto the next world.*

*Everyone was due for a **vacation.** But some had **specific** activities in mind.*

I do not want to ***"occupy"*** Morph for the day while the rest of you go to the ***beach.***

You don't even ***like*** the beach, Mariko.

That is ***utter*** garbage! Who ever said I didn't like the ***beach?***

I did when I suggested we pick ***you*** to get rid of him!

You suggested? ***Clarice!***

God, what's the ***big deal*** with Morph going to the beach with us, anyway?

'Cause a few of us want to go ***native.***

Excuse me?

Naked. In the rough. *El buffo.* And the general consensus is that Morph has the maturity level of a *Caesar salad* and we'd rather not deal.

Well, that just isn't *fair.*

Oh, c'mon, you *know* how he is.

Not to *him!* To *me!*

As far as Morph goes-- I *agree* with you.

He sees a few of us without clothes on and he'll be like a *six-year-old* after finishing three pounds of *sugar.*

It feels less liberating when someone keeps yelling *"you got fries to go with that shake?!"*

But why do *I* gotta go?

Well... to be *fair,* you have been with us the *shortest* amount of time--

Two days shorter!

And he'll *go* with you! He likes *you* best! *Please!* Why should we *all* suffer?

Oh, *God*...

Hey, *ladies!* What's all the *hubbub?* We got a week to kill and I say we kill 'im *slow.*

ALL THIS & LOOKS TOO!

First-- *eats!* Who wants ribs? Or maybe lobster *and* ribs.

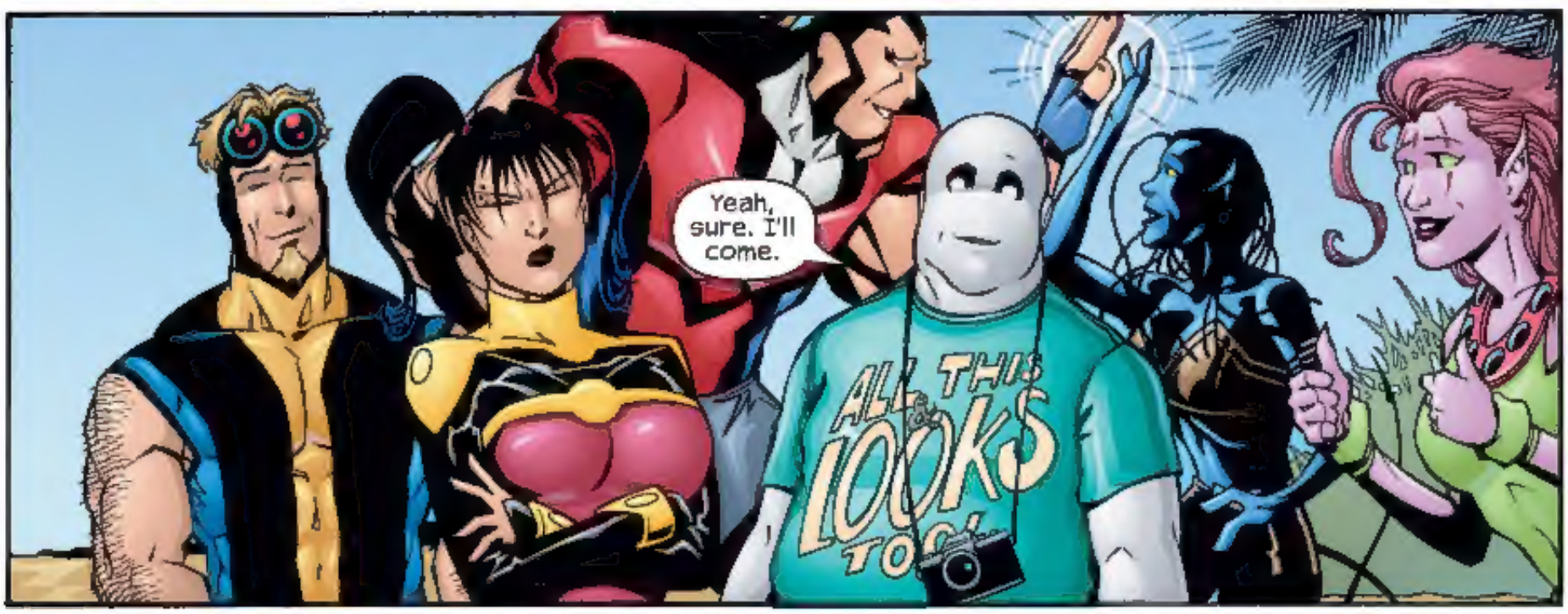
Our credit cards are fake and we've been saddled with an unfair existence, so why *not* splurge?

I was going *shopping,* Morph. Y'wanna come with me?

ALL THIS & LOOKS TOO!

Nah. We can't really take souvenirs with us when we teleport away, so why bother?

True. But I still... um... wanted to pick up some... clothes for the week and... um... some lingerie.


Yeah, sure. I'll come.

ART.

JORGE'S THONGS 'n THINGS

SUN TRAVEL

HAWAII

Nah, I like the one *before* that one.

I'm not *actually* asking your opinion, Morph.

That one's kinda *old school*, don't you think? I could see *June Cleaver* in one of those. Not that I would *want* to, but I *could*...

Hmm... now that I think of it, I *wouldn't* mind seeing June in one of those...

Shut up.

Okay, that one the Morph-man *likes*. I'm not picky but I appreciate the *classics*.

You're a minute away from needing *skin grafts* due to severe burns...

Where's all the *sheer* stuff you always see on the television fashion shows-- not that I *watch* those. I *tape* them. I tape them and *then* I watch them.

We *need* sheer. I'm gonna ask the manager for some of the sheer--

Okay, we're *done*.

We're done, we're done, we are done.

What? We haven't even gotten to the real filthy stuff yet!

Y'know, the underwear with areas gone missing, leopard prints, oh-- and those Wonderful Bras that make the whole world a bigger place?

Y'know, some of them?

Will you just shut up?!

Hey! This wasn't my idea. If it were up to me, we'd all be up to our waists in burnt animal flesh right now!

You're the one who wanted to go shopping for frilly women's things-- I am merely keeping you company.

"Keeping me company"... you should be stuffing dollar bills in my g-string, ya pervert...

Sorry?

Nothing.

Well we didn't have to come here. You could have made some excuse.

Morph, what are you talking about?

We didn't actually **have** to go buy lingerie. Once you **lured** me away from the rest of the team--

--and they went off to do whatever it was they wanted to do **without** me--

--you could have just **changed your mind.**

You... you **knew** I was doing that?

Yeah. I may be a total idiot, but I'm not **stupid.**

DUNCE

I was in the **Avengers** and I have a master's degree in **computer engineering**... you'd have to do a little better than *"wanna see me in my underwear."*

I... I'm so **sorry,** Morph. I... we didn't mean to hurt your feelings.

Nah, it's cool. Honest. If you've heard that shape-shifters have got thin skins, you've been misinformed.

So, what was the *big activity* that they wanted to keep my charming butt away from?

What was *so important* that you had to chuck your integrity?

They wanted to go to a *private* beach. Maybe go *"clothing optional"*...

Oh.

Oh my.

They were worried you might get a little *silly*.

Well, they were right about *that*.

It would have been silly *and* educational. Have you ever seen the *size* of Mimic's hands and feet?

It was probably a *good idea* to keep me away.

Really?

No... but I think I've punished you enough by *ogling* you in various stages of *near nudity.* I figure we're *even.*

I guess I had that coming. But *thank you* for being so good about it.

But hey, if you're still racked with *guilt* we could enter you in a *wet t-shirt contest!*

I mean, we're in *Cancun* so there's probably one at the public library or somep ace'

I think I'm over it.

Well, *that* was fast. *Geez,* you're like a *sociopath* or something

Mardi Gras

FUNORAMA

Games & Priz

Mmm, this is *good.* Man, I can't remember the ast time I had *ice cream.*

I thought I missed *pizza,* but ice cream.. God . we shou d have tanked the bank robbery and ,ust stayed *here.*

It's true The ast pile of real ties have *really* come down hard and fast

I think whatever powers-that be that run our show probab y figured we needed a vacation

DADDY'S

Ah, I don't think so. I doubt there's any *real* consciousness behind all our hopping around.

I think it's more mathematical.. I, um... geez... *look* at that

What?

¡Juega duro!

El sabor de nuestro vivir.

They're just all *over* the place.

What are? *Advertise-ments?*

Yeah. But I mean *cigarette* advertisements .. they're just all over this country.

The tobacco companies just *pound away* at foreign markets.

And every time the U.S. raises taxes on cigarette sales they just raise the prices out here and *double* the advertising.. *look* at this

And they just *give away* merchandise so people end up wearing advertisements on their *backs*. Did you *notice* how many people smoke out here?

It's *worse* in Asia. You can't go *anywhere* without seeing people smoking.

I didn't know you had such a big problem with it, though.

My mom died of *lung cancer* when I was thirteen

I'm sorry, Morph I didn't know. That must have been *really hard.*

Yeah. It was

You've never mentioned *your* folks. They still live in Japan or are they in the States with you?

I'm still *starving.* What do you say we get some *real* food. You said something about ribs or *lobster?*

Madam, I said ribs *and* lobster. Let us seek out an establishment fitting persons of our great regard

We will eat, drink, and make with the merry talk of travelers who don't get to use convenient restroom facilities on a *regular basis.*

I was just thinking that it'd been *a while* since you made a *bathroom joke.*

Good lady, I am *nothing* if not *reliable.*

Ten miles away

Mmmmmm Blink, I haven't felt this good in a *long time*...

Woman. *Tell* me about it.

That man of yours has one *magnificent* tuckus

What's a *tuckus?*

Brother, Clarice-- didn't they have any Jewish people in the *Age of Apocalypse?*

Yeah, TJ-- *lots.* But what does that have to do with tuckus?

It's Yiddish. *Tuckus* means *tush.* Your bottom. Your butt.

Calvin has a tushy that could launch a thousand ships.

You can look, TJ, but no touch--

Wouldn't even *think* of it.

You know who has an unbelievable backside? *Tony Stark.*

Isn't he a little bit *old* for you?

That's what makes his caboose *all* the more impressive.

I see

Where's T-Bird?

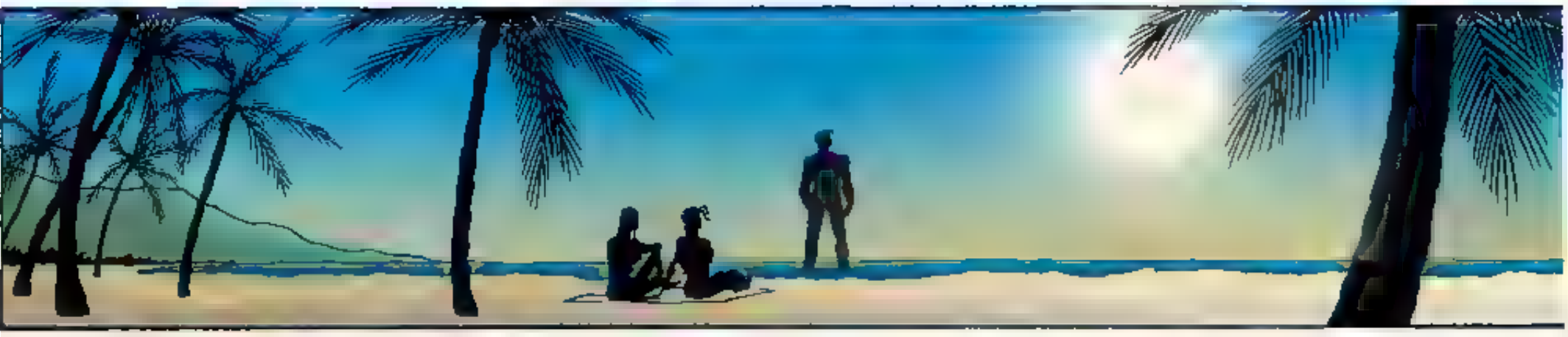
He went swimming... well, he said it's closer to *walking* on the ocean floor. He's pretty heavy and hasn't a lot of body fat. Not too *buoyant...*

He actually doesn't need to *breathe* much and his vision is excellent underwater, so... he really likes "swimming"

Hmm. He told you *all* that? John is about as forthcoming as a bag of hammers.

You guys must be getting *close.*

I guess so.



The serv ce stinks. but this is *awesome.*

Morph, the service isn't *that* bad.

Stinks! I asked for an ce tea what-- *twenty* minutes ago?

Yeah but, you ordered the *entire* menu It s understandable that they might miss a beverage order or two.

Say what you will, but the tip just went from my standard *twenty* percent down to *eighteen!*

And if I don't see *"Piggy's Delight Seafood Fry Bucket Special"* on this tab e in about *five* m nutes-- we ll drop to *sixteen.*

Thank *God* I don t have a cholesterol leve.. Can you magine? You could lube an *engine* with my blood.

Hahaha-- *stop*-- I m gonna *choke!*

What got you? The *cholesterol* part or the *lube job* part?

Neither.

You're freaking out the waiters

Oh! *Hey!* You kids enjoying the *show*? *Thank you!*

You're a *great* crowd! I'll be here *all week*-- be good to your waitresses!

And where's my €#$% ICE TEA?

You crack me up.

Thank you. *Thank you vera much.* I appreciate that. I crack *me* up, too, and I have very discerning tastes.

So, Mariko, why won't you talk about your *parents*?

I don't know what you mean

Really.

When I asked you *earlier* about them you evaded the question the way Mimic evades discussions on *professional sports.*

Dude doesn't know *anything* about pro ball

But I'll tell you, he knows more about *figure skating* than any butch super hero type should, *if* you get my meaning

If he wasn't doing the *Lambada* with Blink - *I'd wonder.*

What? You think just because he likes *ice skating,* that makes him *gay?*

No, I think you're trying to *avoid* discussing your parents by careening us into pointless conversation about Calvin's sexuality. Or my political incorrectness.

My parents and I don't get along.

So what? I don't get along with my dad.

I mean we *really* don't get along.

I *really* don't get along with my dad. After my mother died he *insisted* I take a more "*serious approach to life.*" I was *thirteen.*

Well, it *worked.* Every time I saw him I made belching noises- *good* ones, too.

And it just went on from there. The more *stoic* he got, the more *ridiculous* I got. It went on like that for years.

So, *now* you have this uncontrollable bag of ch dish reflexes that site n front of you.

That was *me* sharing something *intimate* about myself so you would fee more comfortable opening up.

Ah. *Right.*

My parents, to say the *least,* were strict.

I had to get *straight A's* I had to *excel* in music--piano, violin. I had to apply myself only in areas that *furthered* my educat on.

All this so I could *marry* and have *babies*

I was *twelve* when my powers began to manifest. My mother and father saw 't as a great *shame* and refused to let me explore them.

As I got o der I began *voicing* my "d ssent," and it got *ugly*. I left home when I was sixteen, fled Japan and came to America.

Professor X found me two days after I arrived.

The rest is history. I found a family in the form of the *X-Men*

Had you tried to contact them *recently?* I mean, before you were taken out of time and stuff?

It must be different, no? You became a *public figure.*

You helped *save the world* a couple of times: Even *my* ol' man lightened up after I met the president.

It's not *just* being a mutant.

Then what is it?

I'm gay.

You're *extremely* happy?

Oh. And it's not one of those *modern* women things? Experimenting and such?

Yes, but not the definition I'm referring to.

The *dating the womenfolk* kind of gay?

I *see*. That doesn't play too well back home in Tokyo, huh?

Nope.

Yep.

No, it doesn't.

And does the rest of the *team* know about this?

Yeah. It's come up pretty naturally.

I *see*. Am I just *clueless*, or is it the fact that I never *shut up* for two minutes that got in the way of me picking it up?

The latter... maybe some... and...

...well... I wasn't making a *real* effort to tell you.

I'd gotten the impression that you might have *stronger* feelings for me than just friendship.

Well, *duh*. Yeah. You're as cool as school, hot as Georgia asphalt, and seem to *like* a lot of my idiocy.

Morph--

Nah-- *don't*. It's cool. *Honest*. I'm sorry I wasn't more attentive.

This must have been awkward for you.

Don't sweat it. Don't sweat it.

I'm sorry, Morph.

Yeah, sure, not a problem-- *can we get the DAMN TEA, please?!*

You're taking this awfully well.

True. But it's crap. I'm *dying* inside.

This is just how I react.

Are you *sure* you're okay, Morph?

Yeah, girl, I'm cool.

I would have given *anything* not to hurt your feelings.

Me too, but what are you gonna do? You haven't *done* anything. It's just who you are.

Besides... I *like* you. I do. The fact that we can't be anything more than friends and teammates, well... it's disappointing. But I can live with it.

Not that I have a *choice* in the matter, being that we're all shuttled around time and space together--

But even if we *weren't*-- I'd *still* want to hang with you.

Honestly?

Yes. Honestly.

I'd definitely want you to take me to all those *gay bars*, as well. So if we ever get out of here, that's how you can make this up to me.

Deal.

Now, do you think we have enough *balloons?*

I'd say so... but don't you think they'll *run away* as soon as the first one hits? Mimic flies like Northstar now, Blink can teleport...

Not a problem. I'm unloading them all ***at once***. They'll ***think twice*** before trying to dump ***me*** for a day!

Water balloons will do the trick.

Water balloons? Weren't you paying attention? I filled these with ***beer!***

SPROING!

Morph, you are ***bad.***

I am ***so*** bad.

END.